

can Indian told him a tradition of an ancient and noble tribe that dwelt in Catalina island long before the white men came, a tribe that vanished, leaving no trace.

The scientist decided that some trace of them MUST exist. So he went to the island and started digging along Avalon bay.

Black, hard sand showed signs of burning. Delving into it, he found it was the site of an ancient sacred fire, kept alive day and night, year after year, perhaps, by a race that worshipped there and used it for a pyre to burn its honored dead.

His pick struck a human skull, with a strange conical shell resting on it. He dug around and under and unearthed the skeleton of a giant, crouching, with his treasures in his lap.

These were arrow and spear heads, curious wampum made of carved fish vertebrae, rude knives and needles, mortars, pestles and carved shells, all different from ordinary Indian relics, and a strange, flat stone, bearing unknown symbols, that may have been a calendar.

As the air touched the long-buried bones most of them crumbled to dust. There remained the skull, jaw-bone, teeth and bones of one foot, proving the size and strength of the man. And this is his story, as the doctor interprets it:

"I was a chief of our island tribe. We were eight feet tall and very strong, but lived in peace, caring not for conquest. Our senses were keen, our nerves were steady. Our food was fish and the fruit, grain and roots that nature gave. Therefore we toiled little.

"We were perfectly to our environment. Disease was almost unknown. I lived over 100 years—you see how my teeth, still sound, slowly wore down to the bone. Old age came easily, with little pain and death was a kindly friend. But a fierce, bloody race came and destroyed us."

"Such was this prehistoric Ameri-

can," says Dr. Furstenan. "And WE are decadent. Our eyes and ears are dull. Our teeth decay, our jaws weaken and recede, our chests narrow, our stature dwindles. Colds, headaches, rheumatic pains assail us. The pressure and complexity of life wreck our nerves and fill our sanitariums. Canned fruit and much clothing make us frail. After a fitful, discontented life, disease drives us to a painful and premature death.

"We do not fit our environment.

"If we could only get back to nature like that old Indian!"

DIARY OF FATHER TIME

Eighty-four years ago a British naval officer was, by special permission of the Admiralty, allowed to fit his ship with paddles which were worked by winches on the main deck. No doubt he thought himself a particularly ingenious person, being unaware that the Chinese used this device to propel certain of their boats thousands of years before, the only difference being that instead of men to turn the windlass, they used oxen.

Thousand of years passed with practically little achieved toward increasing the pace of ocean-going vessels from the time that the prehistoric man in a fit of laziness hit upon the idea of using a sail to aid him in propelling his dug-out up to the time of the steamboat. As though to make up for this delay, the voyage across the Atlantic from England to America takes fifteen days less today than it did eighty years ago.

PINEAPPLE FRITTERS

Slice the pineapples in slices quarter of an inch thick. Cut into pieces, being very careful not to get any of the core. Drop these into fritter batter and drop into hot deep fat. Fry deep brown. Sift powdered sugar over and serve very hot.

A slice of pineapple, ice cold, with powdered sugar sprinkled over, makes a pleasant change from berries or other fruit for breakfast.